



*Coridons commendation in the praise of his loue
the faire Phillis. To a pleasant new tune.*



My Loue she is faire and honest,
I know she is faire and honest,
For she will all her busines doe,
I know she is faire and honest too.

My Phillis is full of fauours,
And faire as faire may be:
Silly Swaines leaue off your labours,
Shee will loue no man but me.

For she is most faire and honest,
I know she is faire and honest:
And will each vertuous busines doe,
I know she is faire and honest too.

No sugred tempting tongue,
Nor golden promise faire,
Can doe my Phillis wrong,
Nor her good name impeare.

For she is faire and honest,
I know she is faire and honest:
And will doe it all what maides will doe,
Yet is she faire and honest too.

Shee hath a charming voyce,
Not like her in musike many:
Yet Phillis remaines my choise,
And will not be won by any.

For she is most faire and honest,
I know she is faire and honest:
And will shew fauours others doe,
Yet is she faire and honest too.

If Cupid bend his bow,
His shaft she turnes aslee,
And tell me in what her to ges,
What can it better abide.

For she is faire and honest,
I know she is faire and honest:
And will perforce what others doe,
Yet is she faire and honest too.

My Phillis can Carants make,
To set on her louers head:
And gallantly undertake,
To seek out a Weddall bed.

Yet is she faire and honest,
I know she is faire and honest,
And will shew loue as Maides doe,
Yet she is faire and honest too.

My Phillis can foote it right,
And follow the Bagpipes broome:
When Coridon comes in sight,
Experience must be sholome.

So still she is faire and honest,
I know she is faire and honest,
And take pleasure as others doe,
Yet is she faire and honest too.

When mirthfull merriment comes in,
My Phillis will be the first,
That shall begin,
To break.



*Coridons commendation in the praise of his loue
the faire Phillis. To a pleasant new tune.*



My Loue she is faire and honest,
I know she is faire and honest,
For she will all her busines doe,
I know she is faire and honest too.

My Phillis is full of fauours,
And faire as faire may be:
Silly Swaines leaue off your labours,
Shee will loue no man but me.

For she is most faire and honest,
I know she is faire and honest:
And will each vertuous busines doe,
I know she is faire and honest too.

So sugred tempting tongue,
So golden promise faire,
Can doe my Phillis wrong,
Or her good name impeare.

For she is faire and honest,
I know she is faire and honest:
And will doe it all what maides will doe,
Yet is she faire and honest too.

Shee hath a charming voyce,
Not like her in musike many:
Yet Phillis remaines my choise,
And will not be won by any.

For she is most faire and honest,
I know she is faire and honest:
And will shew fauours others doe,
Yet is she faire and honest too.

If Cupid bend his bow,
His shaft she turnes asioe,
And tell'st in whither to ges,
What can it better abide.

For she is faire and honest,
I know she is faire and honest:
And will perforce what others doe,
Yet is she faire and honest too.

My Phillis can Garland's make,
To set on her louers head:
And gallantly undertake,
To deck out a Wedding bed.

Yet is she faire and honest,
I know she is faire and honest,
And will shew loue as Maides doe,
Yet she is faire and honest too.

My Phillis can soote it right,
And soilew the Bagpipes broome:
When Coridon comes in sight,
Experience must be sholome.

So still she is faire and honest,
I know she is faire and honest,
And take pleasure as others doe,
Yet is she faire and honest too.

When mirthfull song comes in,
My Phillis will sing or dance,
What shall begin,
What shall be done.



The second Part. To the same tune.



Yet still she is faire and honest,
I know she is faire and honest,
And make sport as maides will doe,
Yet is she faire and honest too.

So lasse in all our towne,
So sporting or in play,
Can put my Phillis downe,
She beares so great a sway.

Yet is she faire and honest,
I know she is faire and honest:
Though she can such like pastimes doe,
Yet is she faire and honest too.

Her husband's well knowne,
Wheres nothing goes to wracke,
She keeps full well her owne,
While other good lasses lacke.

Yet is she faire and honest,
I know she is faire and honest,
And can good househould-busines doe,
I know she is faire and honest too.

My loue can brew and bake,
As other huswives can:
And make a bountie cake,
To give her neightbor man.

Yet is she true and honest,
I know she is true and honest,
Though she such friendly tricks can doe,
Yet is she true and honest too,

My loue can milke a Cow,
And teach a calfe to suck:
And knowes the manner hole,
To let a brooded Duck.

So is she wise and honest,
I know she is wise and honest:
And can such househould busines doe,
So is she wise and honest too.

My loue a lanch lasse,
Her Coridon must loue,
And times will come to passe,
When waides and men may proue.

For she is true and honest,
I know she is true and honest,
And will loue as maids will doe,
Yet is she faire and honest too.

You sheheard swaines be wise,
Chuse one as I haue done,
That will not be pceize,
But be with reason wone.

For she is faire and honest,
I know she is faire and honest,
And will her husbands pleasures doe,
Wherefore she is faire and honest too.

FINIS.

Printed at London for I. T.